

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE,]

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

Established December 15th, 1850. }

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TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year, invariably in advance.
Single copies, Ten Cents each.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of 10 Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
A liberal deduction will be made to persons advertising for three, six, nine, or twelve months.
Obituaries and calls on candidates, Fifty Cents per square.
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.
No deviation from these terms under any circumstances.
Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature will not be inserted at any price.
Announcing candidates Five Dollars, to be paid in advance in every case.
Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

From the Bolivar Bulletin.

Senator John Aldridge, of McNairy, is coming! Look out for the 4x6 posters! In order to prove to our readers that he is coming, we will print gratuitously, word for word, letter for letter, the note which he sent to the Sheriff a few days since, and also a copy of one of the astounding posters above referred to. Read carefully, make a note of its beautiful component parts, and be sure to come and honor the genius of the age on "the 1 of July."

McNairy Station M. & C. R. R. June the 20 1867.

Mr. D. McCurley, Pleas lett all the Citizens no so far as you Can that Me & Kerby, will address Hour Fellow Citizens at Bolivar on Monday the 1 of July Hardiman Co Tenn & oblige us yores Truly

JOHN ALDRIDGE
H. KERBY

NOTICE

On Monday the 1 of July 1867 We will address Hour Fellow Citizens at Bolivar Hardiman County Tenn in the 21 Senatorial District.

JOHN ALDRIDGE
H. KERBY,

BEGINNING TO WORK.—The Lebanon Herald and Register says: We are informed that a squad of negroes near New Middleton, in Smith county, discussing the merits of the Union League, several of them opposing it, got to quarreling, the lie passed a time or two, the wool began to fly, and three Leaguers were put hors du combat in double quick time.—Our informant says they are deserting the League in old Smith by droves, and the Conservative candidates are certain to be elected. We learn the members of the Loyal League in this place have expelled several of their prominent members for disloyalty; i. e., for supporting Etheridge and the Conservative ticket.

LOCK JAW.—We have noticed in the papers lately, notices of several deaths by this disease. A certain preventative, and remedy is in the application of beef's gall to the wound. Will not our editorial brethren circulate the information, and thereby save many valuable lives? Besides its antispasmodic properties, the gall will draw from the wound any particle of wood, glass, iron, or any other substance that may cause irritation, when other applications have failed to do so.—*Gladiator.*

Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound—at all times accessible and easily to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound.

Prentice says: "Hell is governed by the Devil and Tennessee by Brownlow." Prentice is usually correct, but he has got his geography mixed this time.

The Treatment of Rebel Prisoners by the Union Authorities.

FEMALE COLLEGE, HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, Tuesday, June 18, 1867.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

My attention has been called to an article in your paper of the 31st ult., in which replying to some remarks of the Richmond Enquirer in regard to the treatment of prisoners, it is said:

"Nobody on either side ever pretended for a moment that rebel prisoners ever died in our hands, or even seriously suffered for lack of food or clothing or shelter.—No such charges have ever been made."

Will you then permit such charges to be made through your columns? I was captured in October, 1863, and spent six months in Camp Morton. In March, 1864, I was removed to Fort Delaware, where I remained until June, 1865. The winter of 1863-4 is well known to have been intensely cold.

Many rebel prisoners, to my own knowledge, spent that winter without a blanket, and in the scant and ragged summer clothing worn when captured.—The barracks were the old cattle sheds used when the prison was a fair ground, and open enough for the winter winds to sweep through freely. Scores of the men in the dead of winter slept in these sheds, upon bare ground, without covering, huddling together like hogs to keep from freezing.

It is well known to hundreds now living that several died, actually frozen to death, while a large number were so badly frost-bitten as to be lamed for life.

During the larger portion of the time the hospital arrangements were shamefully deficient, and by many of the surgeons and attendants the sick were not only grossly neglected, but most inhumanly treated.

Men barely able to crawl through weakness from insufficient food and disease consequent upon exposure, were forced in the severest winter weather, to stand at roll call for two and often three or more hours in line, like soldiers on dress parade, and cursed like brutes or beaten over the heads with sabres or clubs, and sometimes shot at for moving a little to keep from freezing. In several instances prisoners were shot on the most frivolous pretexts. A quiet orderly man, an Englishman, named Coats, belonging to my division, was murdered in cold blood, by a private in the Invalid Corps, named Baker, who was on guard.

Instead of being tried and punished, Baker, though a private, was sent next morning into camp to take charge as Sergeant of our division, in which position he heaped upon the defenceless men every indignity that so inhuman a wretch could devise.

At the very time that such an outcry was raised about the mortality among Northern soldiers in Southern prisons, the inmates of Camp Morton knew the mortality there in proportion to the number of men, to be several per cent. greater.

At Fort Delaware our barracks were more comfortable, but the rations were miserably insufficient, and prisoners who could not procure money from friends, with which to procure extra supplies from the sutlers, suffered the pangs of hunger night and day, and were reduced to skeletons, and eaten up by scurvy from scanty and unwholesome food, fell ready victims to disease, and died by hundreds.

At the close of the war, of about 7,000 men in one pen, fully one-half, if not three-fourths, were but walking skeletons, hundreds of them ruined for life with scurvy.

It was a daily occurrence for large numbers of the men to be beaten over the heads with bludgeons, or kept for hours tied up by the thumbs in the most agonizing torture.

A Dutch Lieutenant, Dietz, in charge of our pen, was for weeks in the habit of coming in with a large cowhide and lashing the men most unmercifully—in one instance cutting a gash in the face of an Alabamian named Pardue, in which your finger could have been laid.

It was no uncommon thing for the guards, upon the slightest pretext, to fire into the quarters in which were 300 or 400 men, and several prisoners were needlessly and recklessly killed by them.

The above, and the half has not been told, are plain unexaggerated facts which can be substantiated by most unquestionable testimony, and for the truth of which, I pledge my character and reputation as a minister of the gospel.

I request the insertion of this as an act of justice.

J. G. WILSON.

President of the Huntsville Female College.

This letter comes from a source so respectable and responsible, and its statements are so specific, that we have no hesitation in publishing it. Our Government has no excuse for inhumanity to the prisoners it captured during the war, and its honor is involved in punishing with just severity all instances of such cruelty on the part of its agents as are specified above.—*Ed. Times.*

The other day, a Chicago husband followed, a faithless wife to Adrian, Michigan, where he found her in a chamber with her lover. "Under such circumstances," says the Times, "many men would have lost their temper, and a little scene in which pistols play a prominent part might have ensued. But a long residence amid the Christianizing influences of Chicago had rendered this injured husband superior to such ebullitions of anger. 'Dress yourself, sir,' said he to the gentleman in the wardrobe, 'and we'll go and take a drink. Probably, under the same circumstances, I would have done the same. Mary, pack your trunk, and be ready to leave on the next train west. Go home to your parents. I never wish to see you again.'"

In September last, a young lady in Bangor, Me., had several teeth extracted while under the influence of ether. She soon after experienced a painful sensation in her lungs, accompanied by a cough. She consulted the best physicians in the place, but they failed, then tried Indian and spiritual doctors, but with no better success. Two or three days ago, however, in a fit of coughing, she brought up from her lungs, covered with blood and pus, a whole tooth! This she must have taken into her lungs at the time of the operation above mentioned, and while under the influence of ether. She is now, of course, rapidly recovering her health.

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: I went to the drug store the other morning for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to give it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing I meant to destroy myself. "Pshaw," said I, "do I look like a man who would kill myself?" "I don't know. Seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself."

Reports from Southern Illinois say that most of the wheat has been harvested, and the crop is an extraordinary one, both in quality and quantity.

Temple of the Muses.

JAMIE.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night— Jamie so bold and gay? The twilight shadows are falling now, Why does he stay away? Jamie is handsome, and manly, too, And he will be good and great; But, father, why is our darling boy A staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more, He has grown to man's estate: He has gone a courting Minnie Gray, The reason he stays so late; For her golden hair and eyes of blue Have stolen his heart away, And he goes in the holy twilight hour A wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away, Now we are growing so old? Ah! we have shielded him all his life, Our love has never grown cold; The maid can never love him as we Have loved him all his years, Who have led him along the path of life, Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But, Minnie, remember long years ago, When I was handsome and gay, And you a maiden so fair and sweet That you stole my heart away. I had a father old and gray, And a mother kind and true, Who loved me fondly all my life— But my heart went out to you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek, Her eyes shone clear and mild: No longer she chided the lovely maid For winning away her child; She thought of the long ago, when she Stood close by her lover's side In the little church, and the man of God Made her a happy bride.

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew That trembles on the leaf or flower, Is but exhaled, to fall anew In summer's thunder-shower; Perchance to shine within the bow That fronts the sun at fall of day— Perchance to sparkle in the flow Of fountains far away.

So with our deeds, for good or ill, They have their power, scarce understood, Then let us use our better will To make them rise with good. Like circles on a lake they go, Ring within ring, and never stay; Oh, that our deeds were fashioned so That they might bless away!

The wife of a wealthy merchant in New York, named John Daniels, left her home in that city, as was supposed, on a visit to New Orleans. The husband arrived in Chicago on Saturday to find his wife living there with his brother. The brother and sister by marriage were arrested on a charge of adultery. But after talking the matter over, peace was restored, the charge withdrawn, and the New York man and his wife lovingly returned home together on Sunday.

THE BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING. In answer to a correspondent, the New York Tribune states that it is true, as reported, that a Boston druggist who has a specialty now before the public, is paying that establishment \$10,000 a year for advertising. It says he paid \$1,500 for the insertion of one mammoth advertisement, and adds on the general subject: "Bonner once paid us \$3,000 for one insertion of an advertisement of the Ledger. He knew that by judicious advertising he could insure a fortune."

At a political meeting held at Pollard, Ala., a few days since, Wade Wright, a colored barber, who had been appointed a Registrar for Conecuh county, made a Conservative speech, in reply to a Radical named Griffin; whereupon Griffin made a representation of the facts to the officials at Montgomery, and Wright's commission as Registrar was revoked. The Radicals care nothing for the negro if they cannot use him to carry out their schemes.

The negroes of Richmond have announced their purpose to run one of their number for Mayor of the city; and also to run three negroes to two whites on the Council ticket.

Not Bad.

About forty years ago, there lived in Western Pennsylvania two farmers, named Wood and Osborne respectively. They were near neighbors, but inveterate enemies; and it is said they lived almost in sight of each other for fourteen years without speaking to each other. Wood one day went out with a mattock, to dig up half a dozen stumps that had never yet been removed from his meadow; but finding it pretty hard work, and moreover not being fond of work, he gave it up and returned to the house. On the way, it occurred to him, that by a cunning device, he might induce his unfriendly neighbor to uproot the little annoyances.— Acting on a bright idea that occurred to him, he entered his house, got his writing materials and in a disguised hand, wrote:

"Mr. Wood: I am an old man, fast approaching my end, and I can not go to my grave without revealing to you a secret. When I was a young man, I helped to rob your grandfather of a large amount of money. I and my partners in crime buried five thousand dollars of it under the roots of a tree in the meadow that now belongs to you. No doubt these trees have been cut down by this time, but the stumps may still remain. He was soon after hanged for a murder he committed, and I was sent to prison for highway robbery. I was but lately released, and I wish to do all I can to atone for my past misdeeds. I send this by a person who says he knows where you live, and he will throw it into your house."

"A REPENTANT CRIMINAL." Mr. Wood sealed this bit of fiction, addressed it to himself, and, when night came, crept stealthily to Osborne's door, opened it a little way, tossed it in, and ran away as if Satan were after him. On reaching home he retired to rest, and reposed sweetly till morning. When he arose he cast a glance towards his meadow, and to his satisfaction, discovered that every stump in his meadow had been dug up during the night and pulled out by the roots. After breakfast he went coolly to work and rolled them together in a pile, in order to burn them. Imagine Osborne's bitterness of heart, as he passed by on his way to the village that morning, and knew he had been duped by him.

A young gentleman, or an elder one, we disremember which, after having paid his addresses to a lady for some time, "popped the question," when the lady in a frightened manner exclaimed: "You scare me, sir." The gentleman, of course, did not wish to frighten the lady, and consequently remained quiet for some time, when she exclaimed, "Scare me again." We did not learn how affairs turned out, but should think that it was pretty near his turn to be scared.

In a sermon by an eminent Boston divine one evening last week, on the subject of "Lying," the preacher stated that he knew a person who owned and rented twenty-five dwelling houses, which paid him fifteen per cent., and still the owner swore that he was not liable to government tax.— And yet, that perjured rascal prides himself upon his "loyalty."

A Paris letter tells that a German and his wife were arrested recently in the Exposition, the former charged with fraudulent bankruptcy. They were searched. "No effects," was the reply of the searcher, when the size of the lady's chignon caught his attention, and he pulled it off. It was a nest of bank notes.

Times are so dull in Bowling Green, Kentucky, that hens lay last year's eggs.

Kentucky Negroes Won't Let Radicals Sit on Juries.

A negro boy, who formerly belonged to the Hon. John D. Young, hired himself to a Radical ex-collector of the U. S. Revenue, at Owingsville, under a promise of good wages. The negro worked faithfully in compliance with his contract, but his Radical employer failed to keep faith with the honest negro, and refused to pay the stipulated wages. No doubt the Radical thought his services in liberating negroes in Kentucky, was a fair legal set off against negro labor in his cornfield; but the negro thought otherwise, and brought suit for what was due him. The ex-collector demanded a jury, which was summoned. There happened to be three Radicals upon the panel, but the negro having lost faith in the honor of his liberators, manifested a decided repugnance to having his case tried by them. He instructed his attorney to strike them off, as he "didn't want no mean Radical on his jury."

The three Radicals were accordingly discharged from the jury. The case was tried by what the negro said were "honest men," and the negro got judgment for his debt.

The negroes of Kentucky are beginning to find out who their best friends are.—*Mayville Bulletin.*

The mayor of Utica has issued a proclamation declaring that "it is nearly impossible for ladies to walk in the evening without finding their dresses besmeared by filth ejected from the foul mouth of some one who uses tobacco;" and he instructs the police to be vigilant "so that the perpetrators of this nasty practice may be apprehended and summarily punished."

In some counties of Virginia the negroes are up to snuff. In one county—Monroe—the Commissioners of Revenue returned the number of males over twenty-one years of age at five hundred and thirty-seven. In the same county upwards of 1200 were registered as voters. It is one thing to pay taxes and an entirely different affair to vote.

Daniel Trimble's dray horse, while standing in front of a store in Dayton, a few days since, was started by the fall of a hay rake upon his rump. He started to run, and, being blind, ran head long against the side of a frame house, crashed on through the weather boarding, upset a cupboard, smashed the crockery, and broke his neck.

Mr. Velie, of Lansing, Michigan, took umbrage the other day at the editor of the *Democrat*, and attacked him with a prodigious horse-whip. After a struggle of forty seconds, Mr. Velie, finding his eye bungled, his nose smashed and his wind-pipe nearly shut, dropped the whip and "hollered." The cheerful moral need not be written.

A young man was sent to jail at Lenox, Mass., last week for assaulting a woman. On being delivered to his guardians, he touchingly remarked—"I don't care a d—n what they do to me, if they don't hang me, and I don't think mother does, for she has got twenty-two children beside me."

A man named Freel, convicted of running an illicit distillery in New York, the other day, was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary—the first sentence of the kind yet imposed in the State of New York under the internal revenue law.

Gen. Custar's recent cavalry raids against the Indians are compared to hunting wild ducks with a brass band.

"Got Any Ashes?"

"Got any ashes?" asked an itinerant gatherer of the dust, calling out from the road-side.

"Yes, a hundred bushels or so," answered the farmer.

Down jumped the "ash man," and was about to open the gate, when he was told to "hold on."

"Hold on! why, I want a load of ashes."

"But they are not for sale, my friend; we shall need all we have for use at home."

Wondering what one man—or woman rather—could want with a hundred bushels of ashes, the peddler went grumbling on.

Farmer, let him go! If you have "got any ashes," keep them, and use them at home as a manure for your farm. Let us give you some authorities in regard to their value.

Ashes have been employed as a fertilizer of the soil from a very early age. Cato, a Roman writer upon agriculture, recommended the use of wood-ashes, as a manure, and the ancient Jews, Romans and Britons, burned over their stubbles preparatory to another crop. In modern times they continue to be employed but not as largely as their value would command; were it better understood and appreciated by the farmer.

Ashes are said by Browne, to "render clayey soils mellow, and to give consistency to those which are light, rather suiting moist than dry soils, but is necessary that the former should be well drained." From four to six bushels per acre, according to Johnson, "may be applied to thin, almost sterile soils, with good effect, larger quantities would be too exhausting unless the soil be naturally rich in vegetable matter, or mixed from year to year with a sufficient quantity of barnyard manure."

Ashes are employed in Great Britain as a manure for root crops, and are used for this purpose in connection with bone dust, and drilled in with the seed. According to Johnson, as much as fifteen acres of each are applied to an acre, and often with great success. Turnips, carrots, and potatoes, seem equally benefited by ashes. "They may be used with advantage for almost every class of crops," says Browne, "but especially for grass, grain, and Indian corn," though according to Sprengle, "the immediate benefit of ashes is most perceptible upon leguminous plants, such as clover, peas, beans, &c." Upon red clover "the effect will be more certain if previously mixed with one-fourth their weight of gypsum."

The use of ashes as a manure for corn is becoming quite general in this section of the country—they are applied as a hill-dressing immediately after the first hoeing at the rate of two table-spoonfuls per hill, or about two bushels per acre. They are found useful, applied at the same time to potatoes, or beans, and almost every hoed crop. We have used them in these ways and upon grass land, to the benefit of the crops and the permanent amelioration of the soil, and have no doubt but that it will be far more profitable to any farmer, to "use them at home," than to sell them for the pittance generally offered—\$8 to 10 cents per bushel "in trade"—equal perhaps one-half that amount, net cash.—*Country Gentleman.*

An auctioneer at a sale of antiquities put up a helmet, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder, but whether he was a brass or iron founder I cannot tell."

A Connecticut lawyer has within a year obtained three divorces for the same woman. Being a regular customer, he does the work cheap.